

A Wedding in High Life.

Chicago Herald.

"Is the lady who does the society for the Herald in?" asked a vision of blue eyes, blonde hair and brick red cashmere who had ascended the grand stairway leading to the editorial rooms of this paper, and now stood near the Parisian marble statue of Minerva in the palatial sanctum. The lady was not in, but the political editor was, and when he looked up from the biography of George R. Davis, which he was writing, he became almost paralyzed at the sight of the vision. "No; she is not in. Can I do anything for you?"

"Yes, I have here—" Oh! I understand. You have there the wedding notice of Mr. Augustus Culpepper Ferguson and Miss Kate Juniper."

"Yes," said the vision, "it occurred—" "It occurred last Wednesday," continued the political carpenter, "and was a memorable event in West Side society. At an early hour the streets in the vicinity of the baronial mansion on Peoria street, the residence for years of the Juniper family, was thronged with the equipages of the elite."

"Yes!" chipped in the vision, "were you there?"

"The father of the bride is a wealthy board of trade man and one of the most influential citizens Chicago has. The bride has been the ring-belle in the West Side society circles for several seasons, and the groom will be remembered as the slim young man with goggles and sideburns who won first money in the late bicycle race."

"How nice you've got it all!" said the vision.

"The wedding ceremony was performed at high noon in the east parlor, the Rev. Cream Cheese of St. Equity church officiating. The spacious apartments were profusely decorated with evergreens, smilax, festoons of natural flowers and potted plants. Johnny Foote's orchestra was on hand, concealed behind the floral screen in the conservatory, and as the bridal party entered the room the musicians poured forth sweet strains, which seemed to augur a happy future for the couple, while two little sisters of the bride, dressed as fairies, pulled silken cords, which caused a number of silver bells to peal out their glad welcomes on the happy company."

"Oh! you lovely man, where did you learn all about it?"

"The bride was attired in a magnificent costume from the hands of Worth which was a marvel of the dressmaker's art. There is not room here for an adequate description of it, but we take pleasure in announcing to the patrons of this paper that an extra edition will be issued containing all the particulars of this wonderful costume and a list of the presents."

"The groom was attired in the conventional suit of black; no diamonds. The presents came in numbers sufficient to fill one of the parlors, and presented such an amazing display of wealth that twice never-sleep detectives were engaged to guard them. The happy couple, after receiving the congratulations of their many friends, left on fifteen train for Kokomo. On their return they will be 'at home' to their friends at the Hotel De Flye, on the sixth Saturday in September."

"Oh! you're too sweet; and will that go in?"

"Oh, certainly," said the political fiend, and the yawning abyss of the waste basket was glutted to the chine.

It is very clear that the astronomers do not know everything. They do not always see things right before their faces. Two weeks ago they made a loud racket about a comet they claimed to have discovered. Several of them saw it about the same time, and the coincidence was vauntingly proclaimed as a proof of the diligence of the profession and its claims on the public confidence. But it seems that the astronomers did not discover the comet after all. They only saw it after it had been simultaneously discovered by a negro man in Texas and a negro washerwoman in Kentucky. The colored comet-finders actually saw and wondered at the apparition twenty-four hours before the professionals suspected its existence—and that, too, although the professionals were armed with powerful telescopes, while the Africans had nothing but the naked eye to mark their observations with. The proprietors of the Warner observatory at Buffalo ought to hunt out these colored persons and divide between them the \$200 reward he is paying for fresh comets, and establish them for life in his observatory as adjuncts to his astronomer.—St. Louis Republican.

—The colored Baptist church at Mexico was burned Friday. This church was lately presided over by Rev. Silas Smith, who was shot recently. Evidently some little misunderstanding.

—Peaches are in demand at Laddonia. They are being thrown away at other places. Some sort of a bureau of information should be established for the farmers' benefit.

"MASHED" THE WAX WOMAN.

The Bad Boy and His Pa Go to the Exposition.

"What was the doctor at your house for this morning?" asked the grocery man. "Is your ma sick?"

"No, ma is worth two in a bush. It's pa that ain't well. He is having some trouble with his digestion. You see, he went to the Exposition with me as a guide, and that is enough to ruin any man's digestion. Pa is near-sighted, and he said he wanted me to go along and show him things. Well, I never had so much fun since pa fell out of the boat. First I made him jump across the aisle, where where the stuffed tigers are, by the furniture place. I told him the keeper was just coming along with some meat to feed the animals, and when they smelled the meat they just clawed things. He run against a show case, and then wanted to go away. He said he traveled with a circus when he was young, and no one knew the dangers of fooling around wild animals better than he did. Well, you would a died to see pa there by the furniture place, where they have got beautiful beds and chairs. There was one blue chair under a glass case, all velvet, and a sign was over it, telling people to keep their hands off. Pa asked me what the sign was, and I told him it said ladies and gentlemen are requested to sit in the chairs and try them. Pa climbed over the railing and was just going to sit in on the glass show case over the chair, when one of the walk around fellows with police hats took him by the collar and yanked him back over the railing, and was going to kick pa's pants. Pa was mad to have his coat collar pulled over his head, and have the set of his coat spoiled, and was going to sass the man, when I told pa that the man was a lunatic from the asylum, that was on exhibition, and pa wanted to go away from there. He said he didn't know what they wanted to exhibit lunatics for. We went upstairs to the pancake bazaar, where they broil pancakes out of self-raising flour, and put butter and sugar on them and give them away. Pa said he could eat more pancakes than any man out of jail, and wanted me to get some. I took a couple of pancakes and tore out a piece of the lining of my coat and put it between the pancakes and handed them to pa, with a paper around the pancakes. Pa didn't notice the paper nor the cloth, and it would have made you laugh to see him chew on them. I told him I guessed he didn't have as good teeth as he used to, and he said 'Never you mind the teeth, and he kept on till he swallowed the whole business, but he guessed he didn't want any more. But I thought I should split when he wanted a drink of water. I asked him if he druther have mineral water, and he said he guessed it would take the strongest kind of mineral water to wash down them pancakes, so I took him to where the fire extinguisher are, and got him take the nozzle of the extinguisher in his mouth, and I turned the faucet. I don't think he got more than a quart of the saleratus machine down him, but he rared right up and said he'd be condemned if he believed that water was ever intended to drink, and he felt as though he should bust, and just then the man who kicks the big organ struck up, and the building shook, and I guess pa thought he had busted. The most fun was when he came along to where the wax woman is. They have got a wax woman dressed up to kill, and she looks just as natural as she could breathe. She has a handkerchief in her hand, as we came along I told pa there was a lady that seemed to know him. Pa is on the mash himself, and he looked at her and smiled and said good-evening, and asked me who she was. I told him it looked to me like the girl that sings in the choir at our church, and pa said corse it is, and he went right in where she was and said 'Pretty good show, isn't it,' and put out his hand to shake hands with her, but the woman who tends the stand came along and thought pa was drunk and said, 'Old gentleman, I guess you had better get out of here. This is for ladies only.' Pa excused himself to the wax woman, and said he would see her later.—Milwaukee Sun.

Mrs. Jesse James doesn't seem to be so poorly off in this world's goods as some would give out. She has just signed a contract with a marble firm at Muscatine, Iowa, for a handsome monument to be erected over her husband's grave. It is refreshing to know that none of the purchase money was made by her posings before the public of this state, while a third rate doctor told of her husband's exploits in terms apologetic or laudatory.

The voice of the republican orator is now heard in the land arrogating to themselves the credit for the splendid crops of the country. The republican party assumes the functions and prerogatives of Providence.

The Mexico Ledger talks sense when it says, "let the railroad corporations build their own roads. Many a community has been financially swamped by helping railroads."

Good Intelligence.

The valuable preparations of the celebrated Dr. Acker, so favorably known throughout Europe, have lately been introduced among our people. Dr. Acker's Dyspepsia tablets will be hailed with joy by all who are distressed with disorders of the stomach and liver, for which they are a sure preventive and cure. They are very pleasant, and sold in elegant boxes at twenty-five and fifty cents, by Bard & Miller.

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BOOTBLACKING PROFITS.

Observations of a Philosophical Member of the Profession.

From the Cincinnati Gazette.

"Hello, Charley, doing a good business now, I suppose?" "Yes, doin' first rate. Big crowds here now, you know, and, of course, we're workin' 'em purty lively."

"Yes, that's true, there are a good many strangers in town now, and I suppose you boys make a good deal more money than you have been making for some time. How much do you make a day?" "Oh, \$8 or \$10."

"Come, come, Charley, the Bethel Sunday school doesn't seem to do you much good."

"Shine, boss; shine 'em up," said Charley, as he ran across the street, seeking a man he took for a stranger. This dialogue took place between a reporter of the Gazette and one of the bootblacks he meets every day near the Arcade entrance. He had been very busy "shinin' 'em up" for a man, and when he got through and ran across the street, another one of the "boys" looked up from his work on a pair of No. 10s, and said:

"That feller's 'guyin' you. He don't make no \$10 a day. Never made that much in his life in one day. He thinks he's doing mighty well when he makes \$5, even during the exposition."

"You do make \$5, then, some days."

"Oh, yes, I have made that much, but it's a good deal oftener \$2. Yee see, pard, it's owin' to the feller's yer happen ter strike. Now, if yer playin' ter good luck, yer may strike a feller every time who will not think of givin' yer less than a dime, and once in a while some feller who'll give yer a quarter. All right, boss," said the boy to the man whose boots he has finished blacking. "Yer one of them newspaper fellers, aint yer?" said he, addressing himself to the reporter.

"Yes," was the answer.

"I thought so. I can most always tell 'em," said the boy, with a twinkle in his eye. "But as I was sayin'," he continued, "there's a big difference in men about payin' for their shine. I can always tell when I'm going to get only a nickel the minute a man wants a shine. The feller who orders out loud in a orderin' sort of way, slams his foot into the box, and then is always wantin' yer to shine this place more, and that place more, and tryin' to make yer think he knows more about shinin' shoes than you do, them's the fellers who'll give yer a dime and want a nickel change. They'll do it every time. But you take one of these fellers who speaks kindly to yer, and lets yer shine 'em to suit yerself, and ten to one he'll give yer a quarter, and won't take any change. He'll give yer a dime, any way."

"You seem to be very observant of human nature," said the reporter.

"Well, I guess we have enough experience with human nature, don't we? I tell yer, pard, we boys haint no fools, if we are bootblacks. We have to be observin', so we'll know what kind 'er feller we got an' how to work him."

"How much do you boys make, on an average?"

"Oh, about \$1 or \$1.50 a day."

"You ought to save some money out of that. Do any of the boys save money?"

"Yes, some of 'em. Mighty few. I know one feller who's got about \$200 saved up. Yee see the boys are purty wild, most of 'em, and they 'shoot craps,' and throw pennies and dice, and lose their money. Then they go into the gambling-rooms and play 'hazard,' and of course, they never win anything—they always lose."

"Where are the best places to get custom?"

"Most anywhere on Vine street between Fourth and the Public Library. Around Sixth and Vine, the Arcade and Fountain Square you can always find a bootblack."

"The boys who frequent those places make the most money, do they not?"

"Yes, but most of 'em sell papers in the morning, besides shinin'. Them fellers who do both make the most money. Them places is where you can get the best shine, too. Yee see, that's what most people don't know. They think any boy can shine a shoe, but there's something in knowin' how to do it."

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A NEGRO MISER.

Crossed in Love, He Hoards Money by Way of Revenge.

Philadelphia Special to the Chicago Times.

The Rev. Joshua Provine Bond Eddy is dead. For years he had lived the life of a miser, in filth and vermin and rags. He will be buried on Friday, and will leave behind him a fortune of upwards of \$100,000. Eddy was a colored man, and lived in the midst of 40,000 negroes, at No. 511 South street. The house is little better than a shanty, leans as if it would topple over, and there is hardly a whole window pane. People who went into the shanty to-day found there a broken table and two or three rickety chairs, and that was all there was in the way of furniture. A heap of rags in one corner was the bed upon which the rich old miser had slept for years. It was covered with vermin, and the whole place was filthy in the extreme. Although worth \$100,000, Eddy denied himself every comfort. He dressed in rags and made his meals of refuse and garbage. And in winter he shivered and shook with cold and counted up his gains. His history is a remarkable one. He was born in 1789, in Virginia, and his parents were slaves. The boy was sent to Pennsylvania at twenty years of age, and at Canonsville learned the barber trade. Then he took up religion and traveled about as a preacher with the sanction of the famous Bishop Allen. He became an elder in New York and was placed over eight churches, and traveled over the circuit from Elizabethtown, N. J., to Mount Holly. During this time he became enamored of Bishop Allen's daughter, and after a short courtship they were married. After his marriage he became desirous of having a local position, and settled down in Columbia, Pa. This was 1820. He remained there a few years and then came to Philadelphia. Soon he found that his wife was untrue to him, and a divorce suit followed. The discovery broke Eddy's heart. His only solace was in collecting money, and he grew to love it better than anything else. His passion for hoarding became a mania. He worked hard at the barber's chair, and put his money into houses and lands, until at the time of his death he owned thirty-seven houses in different parts of the city, nine in Camden, two farms somewhere else in New Jersey, some property in Frankfort and some in Chester. There is other property scattered about here and there. A generation has grown up since Eddy has been living in the South street shanty. Every man, woman and child for miles around knew him, but he cared nothing for them, and had not a friend among them. Every day old man Eddy would hobble about the streets in his filth and rags. Three weeks ago he was missed, and then people began to inquire of each other what had become of him. Finally some one more courageous than the rest ventured into the filthy shanty, and the news spread that the old man was lying on his pile of rags very sick. Eddy had a brother living on Vine street, and he was notified, but the old man could not be removed, and surrounded by dirt, and in the midst of squalor, he died. The news was spread by the brother to day, who took the body away to prepare it for the grave. Although Eddy had been a minister, he gave up all his gospel teachings after his divorce. Someone once had the temerity of asking him to subscribe for a charitable object, but the old man turned on his heel and hobbled off. He was never known to weep but once, although what he did in his shanty is of course, beyond revealing. A few years ago the wife of his youth died. She had been twice married since the divorce. He went and looked in her coffin, and tears rolled down his cheeks. He had not lived with her for forty years. The death of Eddy removes an old landmark. There was a will, and it will be probated in a day or two.

A curious theory has just been advanced in England by a scientific physician which has not tended to quiet the alarm in reference to the outbreak of Asiatic cholera. It is that the great outbreaks of this plague in Europe and this country have occurred at intervals of sixteen or seventeen years, as in 1817, 1833, 1850 and 1866. Between these great attacks of the epidemic there were minor returns of it, occurring at intervals of six years after the more fatal visitations, namely, in 1837 and 1854. According to this prophet, a most destructive prevalence of this pestilence is due in England and the states in 1882-83. The prediction seems plausible enough, though it reminds us too forcibly of the old superstition concerning this plague, that it passed through a country at precisely the rate of speed with which a man could travel, and was in fact carried from land to land by the accursed wandering Jew, who, thinking death the greatest boon, bestowed it as a souvenir of himself.

Remember This.

If you are sick Hop Bitters will surely aid Nature in making you well when all else fails.

If you are costive of dyspeptic, or are suffering from any other of the numerous diseases of the stomach or bowels, it is your own fault if you remain ill, for Hop Bitters is a sovereign remedy in all such complaints.

If you are wasting away with any form of Kidney disease, stop tempting Death this moment, and turn for a cure to Hop Bitters.

If you are sick with that terrible sickness Nervousness, you will find a "Balm in Gilead" in the use of Hop Bitters.

If you are a frequenter, or a resident of a miasmatic district, barricade your system against the scourge of all countries—malaria, epidemic, bilious and intermittent fevers—by the use of Hop Bitters.

If you have rough, pimply, or scaly skin, bad breath, pains and aches, and feel miserable generally, Hop Bitters will give you fair skin, rich blood, and sweetest breath, health, and comfort.

In short they cure all Diseases of the stomach, bowels, blood, liver, nerves, Bright's Disease. \$500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help.

That poor, bedridden, invalid wife, sister, mother or daughter, can be made the picture of health, by a few bottles of Hop Bitters, costing but a trifle. Will you let them suffer?

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WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

Pianos, Organs,
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General state agents for the celebrated Carpenter organ. Good, live agents wanted. Agents can sell them easier than any other organ, for they contain ALL the latest improvements. Special inducement to church and Sunday schools. Send for prices and descriptions.

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Cards, per dozen.....\$1 50
Cabinets.....3 00
Panels.....4 00

Photo. and Gen. Gallery, corner Third and Lamine streets, opposite Gold's lumber yard. No pictures taken on Saturday. [9-3d6t1m]

Valuable Suggestions to Mothers.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:—Long experience in care of children, and great success in bringing them safely through sickness, gives confidence to assure that croup, whooping-cough, bronchitis, diphtheria, and all throat and chest affections will be speedily relieved and cured by using Dr. Acker's English remedy, which is exceedingly palatable, and may be safely given to the youngest infant. Adults will find it the best and most potent known specific for consumption, asthma, etc., and a single trial will prove this true.

AN OLD NURSE.

To sustain above, trial bottles may be had for ten cents from Bard & Miller. Regular sizes, fifty cents and \$1.

STARLING DISCOVERY.

LOST MANHOOD RESTORED.

A victim of youthful imprudence causing Premature Decay, Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, etc., having tried in vain every known remedy, has discovered a simple self-cure, which he will send FREE to his fellow-sufferers, address J. H. REEVES, 42 Chatham St., N. Y.

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—OF THE—

Vinita Fair!

AND

Agricultural Association.



TO BE HELD AT

Vinita, Cherokee Nation,

INDIAN TERRITORY,

October 17th, 18th and 19th, 1882

Now is the Time to See All
the Indian Nations
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In a General Reunion of
Former Days.

Excursion Trains from North,
South, East and West.

Twenty Thousand People Expected—
Grand Preparations.

The Grounds a Natural Amphitheater.

Competition in All Classes Open to
the States

The people—the red man in his native country—have been blessed with a bountiful harvest, and determining that the pale faces over the border shall not out-do him in showing what industry, enterprise and a clear climate can do, providence permitting, will open the Vinita fair Tuesday, October 17th, and will exhibit Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, October 17, 18 and 19, 1882. This will be a rare opportunity for the people to witness the congregation of the remnant tribes of the red men of all the earth, who will be there dressed in the habiliments of their native country. There will on each day of the fair be played a game of La-crosse, or Indian base ball, which alone will be worth going 1,000 miles to witness, hundreds of Indians on horse back participating. On the first day there will be three grand running races, in which the Indians and their famous fast horses will be entered for competition.

On the second day there will be large prizes offered for equestriennes—Indian maidens on wild steeds.

Our friends in the states and all the Indian tribes are cordially invited to come and take part in the fair, from October 17th to 19th, inclusive.

Competitions for premiums will be open to everybody, citizens or non-citizens, residents or non-residents. This is a cosmopolitan association. No partiality. No one barred.

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